

THE  
**INAPPROPRIATE PRESS!**

of the Post-NeoAbsurdist

Shitty Remake Edition! (newly remastered w/[G1])



# THE IN APPROPRIATED PRESS

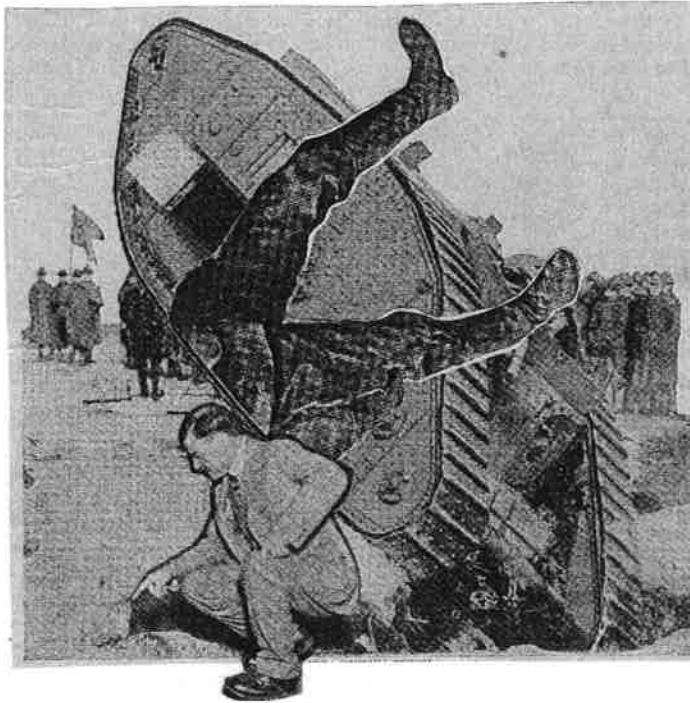


## A Post-NeoAbsurdist Clusterfuckfest!

### FEATURING:

bela b. Grimm  
C. Mehrl Bennett  
Chormaig Erodisi  
Ebenezer "Ben" Rand  
Edwin Birch  
Fast Sedan Nellson  
Jim Leftwich  
**NOT** Joe Abel  
John M. Bennett  
Jonah Woodstock  
Jules Vasylenko  
Karen Eliot  
Kim Blafas  
Mr. E.  
Mr. Thursday  
Megan Blafas  
Monty Cantsin  
Olchar E. Lindsann  
Philosophy Inc.  
Ralph Eaton  
Swade Best  
Tim Yaddow  
Warren Fry  
and some Tape-Beatles

blit blat blit blat  
KUH! KUH! KUH!



bela b. Grimm

COOL GIFTS

monocle  
anti-  
press

Nov. A.Da. 99 / A.H. 185  
(2015 According to Jesus.)

Proudly Published in  
**ROANOKE, VIRGINIA**  
and spread thinly  
across the globe

Format: *Bacterial infection caused by licking lampposts or consuming bat's milk.*  
Key characteristics: *Symptoms include backwards knees, chubby lips, being repeatedly mistaken for a visiting foreign dignitary, ability to solve cryptic crosswords, constant violent shifting and owning a second hand bicycle.*  
Possible names: *Barrister's Lung, Tropical Delight, Wet Letters, The Quelch*

Proposal for a New Disease

Look Hard Tryin'

# Hymn for a new Old West

by Mr. E

Performance notes

3 ppl (or more) reading in unison  
monotone, syncopated delivery  
Harmonica can be live or recorded, no  
pause for speakers

Kachunk can be 2 folios can

Scrape and polish those countertop  
fittings

Hang the dirt from marble [harmonica]  
hitchings

Raise the roof chrome polished stitching  
Pine beetle boring through poison oak  
kitchens

Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk

(Coyote Devil dogs in the Grange  
Sissy boy Tongirl acting strange

Heavyset [harmonica] Cowhand's  
got the mange

Waitress at the café gives you  
change

Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk  
Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk

Save the grackle and ban the pistons

Stop the ban on burnt tyre emissions  
Conspiracy assault entrenched positions

Grease trap juice with all the fixings  
Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk



Grease trap lightning rod bubblewrap  
mittens

Carpet shag ghost [harmonica] tales  
in between innings  
Ninety Nine cent all you can eat  
drippings

Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk Kachunk

*2*  
BUCKET LIST (preferences in parentheses)

- by Mr. Thursday*
- 1. BEACH
  - 2. AMUSEMENT PARK
  - 3. SCHOOL BUS
  - 4. AIRPLANE (flying over 5,280 feet)
  - 5. STADIUM
  - 6. UNDERWATER
  - 7. IN THE BACK OF A COP CAR
  - 8. AIRPORT
  - 9. CHURCH
  - 10. MORGUE
  - 11. ELEVATOR
  - 12. TEA PARTY FUNDRAISER
  - 13. IN A CAVE
  - 14. CASINO IN LAS VEGAS
  - 15. COLONIAL WILLIAMSBURG
  - 16. DRESSING ROOM
  - 17. CEMETARY
  - 18. POOR PERSON'S DINING ROOM
  - 19. LEGIT MASSAGE PARLOR
  - 20. NEIGHBORS' ANNOYING KID'S LEMONADE STAND
  - 21. POOL OF BEER (sorority backwash/vom)
  - 22. PUBLIC POOL
  - 23. FEMINISM LECTURE AT LIB UNIVERSITY
  - 24. EVANGELICAL IMAGINARY
  - 25. BACKYARD OF FORECLOSED HOUSE
  - 26. SITE OF AL AWLAQI EXECUTION
  - 27. WEED SHOP IN TEXAS
  - 28. LAGOON (non-resort)
  - 29. BABYLONIAN RUIN
  - 30. WHILE DRIVING NO STOPPING!
  - 31. AUSCHWITZ GIFT SHOP
  - 32. WITHOUT BLINKING
  - 33. MONTANA
  - 34. TO ORGASM (mutual)
  - 35. THOMAS KINKAID VILLAGE
  - 36. DRY RESERVOIR
  - 37. CAMPING
  - 38. THE ART WORLD
  - 39. IN A TREE
  - 40. WITHOUT SOME KIND OF LINGERING REGRET
  - 41. VOTING BOOTH
  - 42. WOMANS' PRISON BOOK CLUB
  - 43. PETTING ZOO
  - 44. 1980'S BATHROOM (sunglasses)
  - 45. ON THE DIAN REHM SHOW
  - 46. SOBER
  - 47. CROWDED DINGHY IN MEDITERRANEAN
  - 48. RAIN FOREST LOGGERS' BROTHEL
  - 49. OPERATION COPPER DUNE DEBRIEFING
  - 50. A MUSEUM
  - 51. A MOSSOLEUM
  - 52. SHOOTING FULLY AUTOMATIC RIFLES
  - 53. LINE TO FREE HEALTH CLINIC
  - 54. DURING HOT YOGA
  - 55. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ASSEMBLY
  - 56. ROBIN WILLIAMS' GRAVE
  - 57. HOME DEPOT
  - 58. US/MEXICAN BORDER CHECKPOINT
  - 59. THE BRIDGE TO NOWHERE
  - 60. LAS VEGAS COKE PARTY EXPERIENCE®
  - 61. VIETNAM MEMORIAL
  - 62. AFTER PEAK OIL
  - 63. PHOTO BOOTH AT CHUCKY CHEEZE
  - 64. OPENING NIGHT - STAR WARS VII
  - 65. RURAL BOWLING ALLEY
  - 66. ARRAIGNMENT (suspected rapist)
  - 67. WHILE KIDS ARE ASLEEP
  - 68. NURSING HOME COMMON AREA
  - 69. ABU GHRAIB COSPLAY EVENT
  - 70. POLICE FUNERAL (cum w/ gun salute)
  - 71. LOOSE GLACIAL ICE
  - 72. CHINESE DETENTION CENTER
  - 73. SEX ADDICTION THERAPY SESSION
  - 74. GAY HELL
  - 75. PTSD RECOVERY WARD
  - 76. WITHOUT SAYING "GOD" OR "JESUS"
  - 77. VATICAN (rooms where they rape kids)
  - 78. ATV WHILE OFFROADING (w/ uzis)
  - 79. SUICIDE INTERVENTION
  - 80. THE FERTILE IMAGINATION OF A CHILD
  - 81. CARDASSIA
  - 82. EXECUTION CHAMBER (saudi or floridian)-
  - 83. SEX SHOP
  - 84. SEX SHOP DURING RIOT (on fire)
  - 85. GREAT PACIFIC GARBAGE PATCH
  - 86. ART GALLERY
  - 87. STRETCH HUMMER IN GUGGENHEIM (maria a.)
  - 88. DRONE EXPO (israeli general's lap)
  - 89. NO GRAVITY CABIN WITH STEVEN HAWKING
  - 90. KEYSTONE PIPELINE - LAYIN PIPE!
  - 91. YELLOW RUSSIAN SUBMARINE
  - 92. CITYWORKS (X)PO MONEY-BLOWING MACHINE
  - 93. A PILE OF DEAD WHISTLEBLOWERS
  - 94. TUB OF PANDA CUM
  - 95. TRAMPOLINE IN ISIL HELD IRAQ
  - 96. REAGAN LIBRARY
  - 97. STONING
  - 98. INTERNET
  - 99. BURNT OUT PLANNED PARENTHOOD
  - 100. COLUMBINE HS (massacre anniversary)

Familial names: Tube-o's, Quackattackz!, Mustard Roads, Happy Pilions, All-New Super Crisps, Frowns

Key characteristics: Mustard flavour. Made in Canada. Cartoon duck wearing shades on the packet.

Format: Tubular, approximately 24mm in length and 8mm in diameter.

*by Edwin Brach*

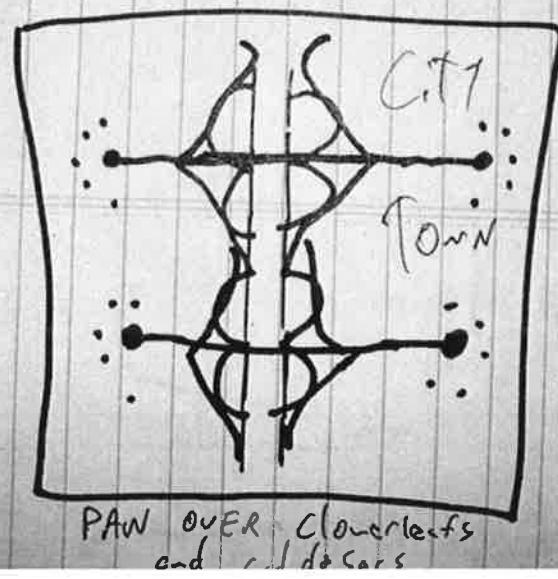
Proposal for a New Crisp

# OF UNEXECUTED IDEAS

And now here are some:

- + Secret B.I.A. play contact
- + Benjamin Henry LaTrobe
- + Polaroid SWC book

Benjamin Henry LaTrobe  
as time traveler in Congo  
Square 1818.



Storyboard for  
City Town, Pilot for  
minimal 70s  
family TV drama  
with computer  
music.

Woman Charlotte	Tola W.
"When he first asked me to take part in it I was like dude I'm not having sex with you."	"I made this sculpture especially for the event."
[redacted]	Ralph
"That event made me so horny!"	"It was a very successful event. Roanoke needed that."

Script for Sex in the Woods

Script for 1,0000  
Eyes of Laura  
Mars

what if we do some camera trick where her white lips are leaving marks on us magically? wait I guess she has red lips.... phantom lipstick streaks-- floating powder puffs-- ooh,, isn't there something y'all said about people feeling like they've just walked in a spider web when they're possessed or first contacted? maybe we can all go crazy trying to get the webs off our faces-- and of course, [redacted] creator of earth in native folklore, right? possessed by Spider Woman???? hmm.

ART



[redacted]?

Somethings impossible on the  
end of a pole.

Notebook:  
Really dumb  
art ideas  
that no one  
will ever want  
to make.

I rescued this beautiful  
jewelry from my wife's  
garbage can. I think you'll  
agree, it's a good thing  
I did.

I rescued this beautiful jewelry  
from my wife's garbage can.  
I think you'll agree it's a  
good thing I did.

Roman Tina Mueller  
Crazy baby

These were [redacted]

Snakes, dog doo, ice

Bad shopping lists

The following article appeared as part of NON~SALON~ANON~ATHON~ALONG~AGAIN, the third such iteration of said exercise in online dispersed authorship by that name.

**Joe Abel denies authorship of this piece and would like it stated on the public record that he is in no way to be held accountable for it's content. It was the others. They must've done it, done it while he wasn't looking, he's not... he's not a bad person. He's not... evil.**

#### **Analysis/Discussion Abstract:**

Whilst the quantitative results of our work might, to the layman, appear facile, beneath consideration and contempt, we feel that this data does not reflect the qualitative benefits of our research, not merely to conservation, but to the world.

Consider the following: A certain percentage of the human population, and we will use for arguments sake the contemporary best-practice low-guestimate of 0.004% (Kaufman et al. 2013), will have sexual tendencies which shall hereafter be described as **Zoophilic**. Of that percentage we shall assume, though this time without a basis in research, a spread of sexual desire that is roughly congruent with statistical biodiversity on earth.

The 1.2 million species currently known to human biology, is only 14% of the total estimated 8.7 million species which live on the earth. Let us assume for a moment that 86% of people with **Zoophilic tendencies** will never realise them, because they just haven't met the right species yet.

This reduces the percentage of Zoophiles in the current human population to 0.00056% of 7 billion people.

Let us now take the case of the panda. A female pandas reproductive cycle make her fertile between 12 and 25 days of a year. The birthrate of pandas is such that, scientifically, pandas might reasonably be considered quite unattractive to one another. As of 2004 there are 1600 pandas left in the wild. That number in 2014 can be reappraised to 1834.

It is our study's proposal that there are less pandas alive currently that wish to have sex with other pandas, than there are humans who wish to. Conversely, there are more humans alive that want to have sex with pandas, than there are pandas in total. Our study has attempted to preface the shift in narrative within the scientific community, from a traditional conversation regarding conservation, to a negotiation between supply and demand. Furthermore, in our conclusion, we suggest that the ultimate aim of science, in respects to this, should be to find a viable market solution to the problem of diminishing biodiversity on earth.

We have developed, with the help of funding from various Tech Giants such as Google and Facebook, an app, much along the lines of *Tindr* and *Grindr*, in order to more fully engage and actualize the consumer, and in this case we consider every consumer regardless of age, gender, ethnicity or nationality to have the potential for **Zoophilic Awakening**, to the wider range of species which might be available for them to "get nasty with". People are encouraged to "swipe right" if they feel the tinglings of sexual urges towards a creature, and "swipe left", if they are turned off by the soon to be extinct animal.

The hope of the authors is that, through innovative use of social media, and by empowering the consumer to more fully realise their desires and to channel that into a revenue stream to the appropriate Conservation Harem, we might use the existing framework of capitalism to enrich the biodiversity of the planet.

To quote esteemed Zoologist David Attenborough: "Seriously, fuck pandas. Fuck'em. I wasted fucking decades getting those black-eyed fucking fuckers to fuck, and will they? Will they *fuck*. So fuck those guys. They don't want to fuck then it's their fucking loss not ours. Twenty fucking years from now, you want a fucking panda, take a can of black spray paint to a polar bear because these fuckers don't want to fuck, and they can go eat a fuck-full fuck-bucket of fleshy man-bamboo for all I fucking care because I'm fucking done. Right, are we rolling? Let's go. Planet, Earth..."

Most people experience **Zoophilic Awakening** after observing the following image:



Loopholes  
Funnel  
Reports  
Pros tication  
**Fines fine**  
**Crime crases**  
**Drop** it shit *drop*  
Lack  
**Off end**  
**Erm...**  
Who the fuck is she  
Wearing drapes as a dress?  
**Gabble gobblers**  
Goblin gobble  
**GABEBLES** going...  
Going...



A special SNEAK-PEEK at the Third Volume of William Wordsworth's awful poem, *The Prelude*, translated into Even-More-Boring-and-Trite by the *amazing Post-Neo Anti-Translator Fast Sedan Nellson*, forthcoming from mOnocle-Lash in A.Da. 100 (2016):

## THE THIRD PART

### I Live in Cambridge

The weather sucked the day we drove  
Across the field with clouds above it,  
And we were bored until we saw  
The Church of King's College which  
Was real tall and fancy,  
Really really tall, more than the trees.

Driving, we passed  
A student who was dressed like a student,  
Hurrying like he was in a hurry,<sup>1</sup>  
Or wanted to exercise outside;  
We passed him—and I stared at him  
Until he was behind us.  
As we got closer,  
It seemed to suck us in like a river.<sup>2</sup>  
We kept driving and passed the castle; saw  
A bit of the River Cam while we crossed the bridge;<sup>3</sup>  
And got off at the Hoop, a famous inn.

I was in a good mood, and hopeful;  
I had some friends there, who I knew  
And seemed like friends,<sup>4</sup> typical schoolboys, who now  
Were special apparently; in a place  
With lots of people I liked, I wandered around;  
Questions, directions, warnings and advice<sup>5</sup>  
Were given to me by everyone; what a great day  
Of being proud and happy! I thought I was  
Really important, and went  
To all the shops,  
And tutors and tailors, wherever,  
All over the place without thinking very much.

I was real, they were imaginary; I wandered  
Really happy about random stuff;  
Stuffy robes, or gaudy, teachers, students, streets,  
Yards, walkways, lots of churches, gates, towers:  
A crazy vacation for a country boy,  
From the north.

Just like  
A fairy did it, suddenly  
I was rich, and wore  
Nice clothes, and silk socks, and my hair

Had powder in it like trees with frost, when frost is cold.<sup>6</sup>  
I won't talk about my fancy bathrobe,  
Or other stuff that proved I was manly even though  
I didn't have to shave.—Weeks passed,  
With invitations, dinner parties, wine and fruit,  
Being frugal at home, and in public  
Spending lots, and looking like a rich bloke.

I stayed in the student halls named after St. John:  
It was three really old buildings, and the first one  
Was where I lived, and it was little;  
The kitchen was below it, and was  
Pretty noisy, and sounded uglier than bees,  
But just as busy; with shouts  
About what to do, and getting mad.  
The big noisy Trinity College clock was nearby,  
Which never forgot, no matter what time it was,  
To say what time it was,<sup>7</sup> and rang  
Twice, high and low.<sup>8</sup>  
The organ that was in there was also in there;  
And while I was in bed, at  
Night, I could see  
The part of the church where there was a statue  
Of Newton with his prism and he didn't talk,  
A symbol of how he thought  
About weird stuff all the time, by himself.<sup>9</sup>

6 The original has 'rimy' trees, an archaism which Wordsworth apparently forgot was not Boring-and-Trite. It seems that frost is not *always* very cold.

7 Another good example of Wordsworth's astounding ability to notice utterly obvious things.

8 Not Boring-and-trite in the original, but poetic: "twice over with a male and female voice". I have chosen to translate the line directly from Poetic to E-M-B-&-T; if, alternatively, we read Wordsworth's line as Boring-&-Trite (i.e., without fancy-schmancy figurative language), the alternative translation might be: "rang twice / like a hermaphrodite"; which sounds too interesting to have been Wordsworth's intention—is, in fact, Poetic.

9 Here again, Wordsworth has strayed accidentally into writing interesting poetry, despite his theoretical insistence on being Boring-and-Trite. We can only assume that he was disappointed in his inability to write anything more commonplace and uninteresting than, "Newton with his prism and silent face, / the marble index of a mind forever / Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone." One would almost think we were reading Shelley! I have attempted to render the line as insipid and stupid as Wordsworth wished his work to be (usually with success), though unfortunately the original betrays too much literacy to be properly rendered in E-M-B-&-T.

1 Imagine that!

2 A rare bit of imagery that is interesting enough to resist further simplification in Even-More-Boring-&-Trite translation.

3 As one might expect.

4 On second thought, Wordsworth doesn't seem so sure they were friends after all. But they sure *seemed* like it...

5 This line is in Even-More-Boring-&-Trite in the original.

## Some Advice

by Edwin Birch

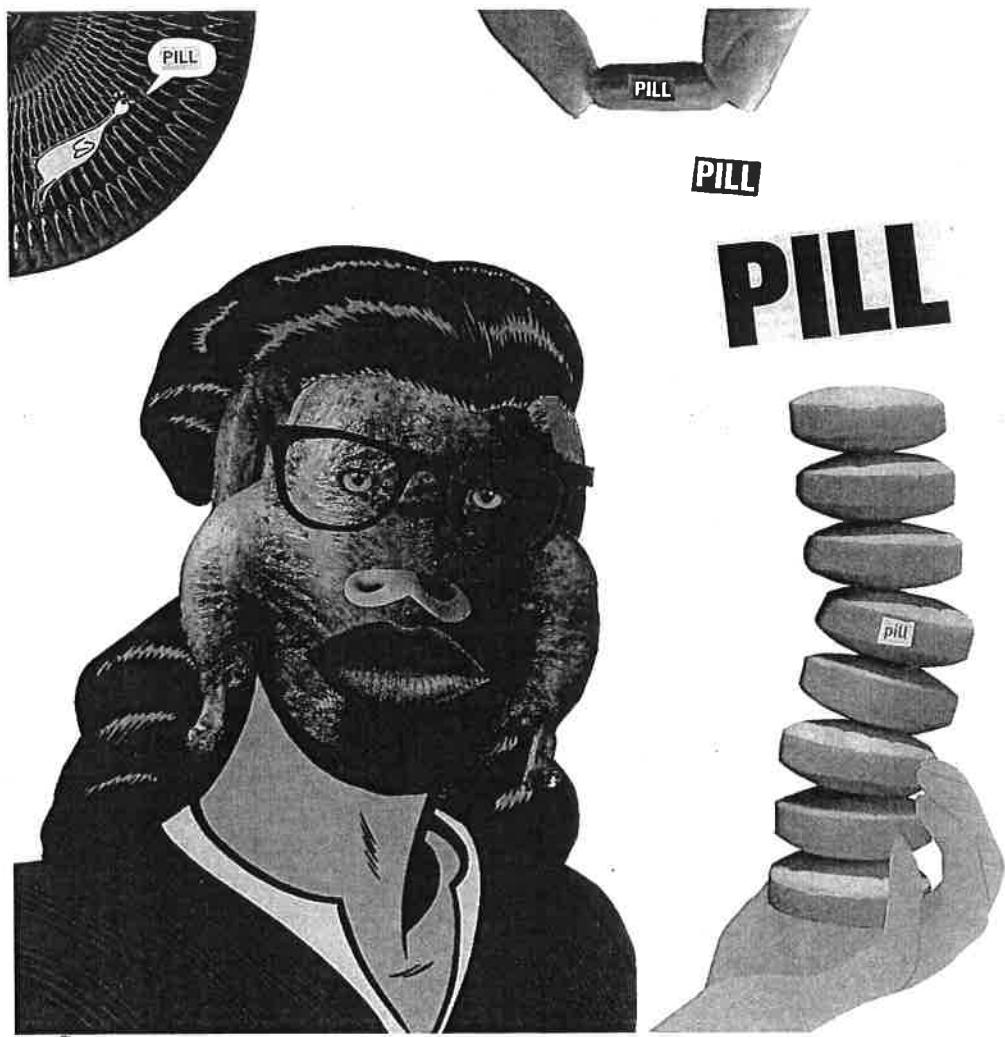
If you were to take a lamprey  
and affix it to a post with duct tape  
or perhaps a strong adhesive such as No More Nails  
or Locite  
Then point it towards alpha centauri  
and wait a month or two  
You would be no closer to finding the true name of god  
than if you had used a common eel  
or a length of garden hose.  
So you might as well leave the lampreys alone.  
There's no sense in angering them  
unnecessarily.

## feelt

pulse of ffork ob  
nekk ed chain er  
flea demand er s  
peed imbueter ff  
ails the knockril  
were yr sneeze b  
acked up ay eh amb  
ilectrous wit en p  
ages upside nwod I  
thaw yr face I  
scan the sky in  
verted in em spoon i  
t's the thumb I p  
lanning on me eye  
on e mis eyen

John M. Bennett  
10.13.15

by Tim Yaddow



& Jim Leftwich  
the tape-beatles

increasingly alienated.  
that there will, always, be something to sell. On the other hand,  
much of Aesemic-writing, theory have tended to proclaim this feeling  
rather smugly; but if there is nothing to say, they yet demonstrate  
the need for collective action demanded by the media such as  
film and electronic tape, engage in Aesemic Writing in an attempt to  
expose and explode once and for all the individualistic attitudes  
which tend to make all human activity seem redundant and  
increasingly alienated.

Aesemic Writing in late capitalist society articulates a semi-conscious

cultural condition: namely, that there is nothing left to say, a feeling  
made more potent by the theoretical possibility of access to all  
knowledge brought about by new technologies. The practitioners of  
much of Aesemic-writing, theory have tended to proclaim this feeling  
rather smugly; but if there is nothing to say, they yet demonstrate  
the need for collective action demanded by the media such as  
film and electronic tape, engage in Aesemic Writing in an attempt to  
expose and explode once and for all the individualistic attitudes  
which tend to make all human activity seem redundant and  
increasingly alienated.

& Aesemic Writing Made Even Easier  
Plagiarism(R) Made Easy

Ringer

Tones developed  
Inside the red phone booth  
Of superman with snail toes  
Burping

Ample  
Coffee toffee  
Lays on the car hood as  
She breaks all the LP's from the  
Trailer

I sit  
On a tree stump  
In the beauty parlor  
As balls of lint float in the pink  
Hair dye

Paisley  
Bow tie on foot  
Where's yer before shrieker?  
Inside a box under the dock's  
Big toe

Who's yer  
Worldly wisened  
Anguished pal; Is he a  
Hip duck diode with no dick to  
Paddle?

Paddle  
On the other  
Side of this sandbox full  
Of silver cats as a dead dog  
Lingers

Remixed by CMB  
John M. Bennett 10/22/2105



### Micro-Lullabye for Juanita Chriss

Agoo Agoo Agoo  
d-k t-k d-k  
Agoo Agoo Agoo  
RRR RRR RRR RRR RRR RRR  
Agoo Agoo Agoo  
d-k t-k d-k  
**GGGGGGGGGG**  
d-k t-k d-k  
**GGGGGGGGGG**  
Agoo Agoo Agoo  
d-k t-k d-k  
Agoo Agoo Agoo  
**GGGGGGGGGG**

by Olchar E. Lindsann

It was yer trump tower falling  
Crammed corn drippin in eye  
Fog grime said click  
Shut loot  
Fog horns  
Where yr tonsil dropped the soft  
Flavor wrt your clutching  
Faucet lake mist  
Dimshoe  
Foghorns  
It was yer trump tower falling  
Fall off your sofa now  
After shrinker  
Spread meat  
Af aft  
Where the hairy wall dripped light  
Fall off your sofa now  
Mindless drivel  
Coff time  
Spread meat  
Office toilet with your spoon lin  
Lung ear bleeding lightly  
After shrinker  
Pool suit  
Third time  
Evil demoted clown breath stink  
Dog pierogi silver  
Bull phone lapsed  
Spread meat

### Spread Meat



bela b. Grimm

by Catherine Mehrl Bennett



Tuesday afternoon Lake Town

3:00

As. The Team of The Knight Force Members.

Is. Fighting at a villain leader name is Aries. His Gang Members after the two element force Necklaces. Powers. Is. Here going to destroy. Earth as Aries. His gang members. Knight Force. Went got disappeared the villains disappeared. Made it to Their building place.

Two. Necklace powers Made it to Where a young girl is Kimberly Lee.

Is. Staying at her Friend's place is Jensen Tyler. For a while since in for next month.

In. A. Next week only. So. Kim. Went out side for a while so as Kim.

Did. See two missing element force necklace powers is got air.

Earth. Kim. Grabbed them. And head it back to Jensen's

Building place. There. So. As. Kim. Did. Showing this to her Friend Jensen.

About. The two missing element force necklace powers.

As. Jensen. Got them on got the powers of the air.

Kim. Has in earth so the necklaces Working.

Already. So. As Jensen. Is glade and happy to hear that the necklaces powers is working. Already. By Now. So. Jensen. Kim. Head it down to his car. To visiting his dad is John Tyler.

And. Made it to the headquarters place. As. Kim. Jensen. Made it to see his dad John.

Who. Is working on some computer screen work stuff and other kinds they got there at. The. Headquarters place. John. Is glade and happy to see his son Jensen.

Jensen's Friend Kim Lee. Here for a visit. Found the two necklace powers.

John. Start it to recharging the necklaces. So. John. Gave's it back to Kim.

Jensen. So. John. Show's them around the headquarters place.

Is. Staying for a while to helping them out to fight the bad evil things there.

So. As. They resting for a while is hearing Kim's I pad music.

So. As. In. Aries place Aries his gang members planing on to going after the headquarters People. To. Kim. Jensen. Their necklace powers. So. As. Aries his gang members made It to. The. Headquarters Place. So. As Kim. Jensen. See Aries his gang came to the headquarters Place. Jensen. Ask What Aries is doing here as. Aries said asking Jensen. That he's here. going After. The necklace powers and destroying the earth to the world there. So. Jensen. Said to Aries that he's not going to so as Aries. Uses his controlled Powers. Letting. His gang army's after Jensen. Kid Kim. Here and the people so. They uses Their necklace Powers. As. Kid. Kim got earth powers hit kick them down three.

The. Necklace Powers Did got it working so is Jensen. As. Jensen. Aries start it to fighting Each Other. Down. So. As. A. Villain girl is Lily. Here came to stop them already.

Kim. Lily meeting already start it to fight also Lily said kid Kim Lily's name is so.

Lily. Uses her controlled air powers hit knock kid Kim. Down as. Aries.

Lily. Gang members Went disappeared back to Their building place.

Jensen. Ran and help Kim. Up so as Kim. Jensen is glade happy they got the powers from The Necklaces. As. They get to stay here to helping the headquarters people for a while.

Is. Hearing good music and on Their free days here.

End...

-by Kim Blafas

Possible names: *Tough It Out*, *Vegetarians Need Not Apply*, *The Great British Abbaotor Watch Event*, *Vermont Kays Generation Game*, *Bear the Metal*, *Are You Emotionally Numb?*

Key characteristics: *Primetime BBC One slot could potentially replace Doctor Who in that all-important post*.  
*Strictly slot*. Hosted by Vermont Kays. Top prize is a dead cow.

Format: Game show in which contestants must watch live-streamed footage from an abattoir in Suffolk for as long as possible without weeping or vomiting.

Proposal for a New BBC Television Show



MATT AMES-is moving to SAUDI ARABIA for a year (no bullshit!) - Best Anti-Wishes from Roanoke PNA.

**Opening Remarks to AGM of Mini Chapbook Press**  
*by Ebenezer "Ben" Rand, Candidate for CFO of MCP*

I'd like to say a few words about our product.

Now, as we are among friends, I feel I can speak somewhat candidly, of what is to be done.

None of us got into the small books industry to make small books, we are all here because we want to make money. I for one, have some thoughts on that.

Our product may be small, but our market penetration is relatively total, reaching literally, and uh, literally, if you'll pardon the... uh... what's that word for a word that sounds like a different word?

Someone find out, anyway, reaching literally, dozens of end-user consumption points.

We estimate that our current consumer base is nearly 100% of the people our product appeals to. Therefore, my suggestion is that we diversify.

Now considering that our books are approximately one eighth the size of a standard paperback, and only 32 pages long compared to the 240 or so pages of the average novel about submissive women attracted to powerful monsters, we have managed to make a considerable motion in the ocean of the market, whilst minimising overheads in terms of our bottom-line expenditure.

If we further extrapolate the data, our consumers are on average 30 feet tall, and that gives them considerable pull in other markets, particularly uh, specialist clothing, beanstalks and so forth.

But by and large this is small potatoes, in the grand scheme of things.

Simply put, we have managed to do less with less, but it is more compared with what more would be if it were less. If we extrapolate the sales on these tiny books to their larger-book equivalent figure, we have, quite simply, a hit on our hands; our hands are covered with hit.

My suggestion is that we double down conceptually, and by that, I mean we halve our product, and double our sales by comparison. Our current books are 2 inches by 1 and a half inches, well, I would suggest we go one step further and make them 1 inch by three quarters of an inch, allowing us to produce more units, and reach twice as many consumers, which again if we extrapolate to the size of a normal book, is several thousands of times more people in real terms.

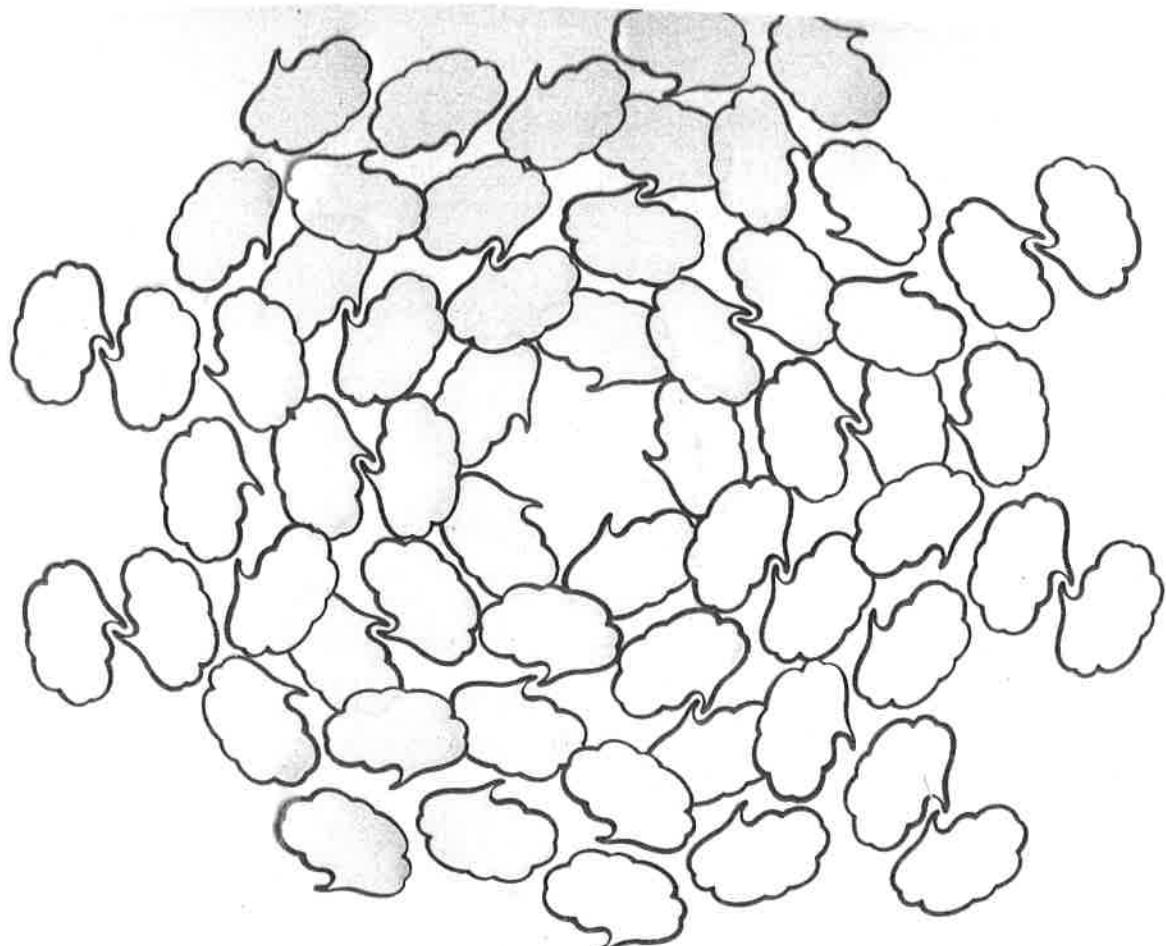
If we blue-sky this for a second, let's imagineer a future where our books, are in fact infinitely small, and though no one reads them, ever, we have made, relatively, an inverse, infinitely larger penetration of the market. I see a brilliant new world where people can own books, without even knowing it, we will be able to make microscopic books, so small that they can

easily be implanted under the skin at birth, whole libraries can be harmlessly tattooed onto someone's forehead without their knowledge or the requirement for consent. We can sell more books in a second than were sold in the nineteenth and eighteenth century combined, once we have made literature so microscopic that it can become airborne - We could pump a million copies of the complete work of Shakespeare into the ventilation of a building, and charge people for the rarefied literature they're inhaling, and in my estimation, reach total market saturation within the next two years. At this point our microbooks will have become viral, a mutating RNA code that can adapt to upset consumer reluctance, decaying brand recognition, and other socio-immune defences.

My friends, I propose we create books in a weaponized aerosol, a can of canonical spray, and use as our business model that of the epidemic. We will spread tiny books like a topical plague upon the surface of the world, a dust that permeates everything, our product will become part of the atmosphere, we shall raise our readers to the ground like a cleansing forest fire and toxic media will consume them as they consume it, data will be written and copyritten as grist to the mill, our product will be a scurrying homogeneous, hegemonic atomies imposed upon each microscopically distinct part of the world. When people look to the sky to see the clouds, they will see our books, watermarked in their tears, crawling on the surface of their eyes, all they see will be mitigated through our brand perspective. People will dream in tiny book form, tiny books about tiny books, world without end, and wake with a start, only to find they are suffocating in the particulated fumes of tiny books in the air.

That is my vision for the MCP, if you so wish me to elect me as CFO. Thank you, and sleep well.

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by Megan Blafas

## Pain Control Translations - by Chormaig Erodisi

Eight years ago I had to sit amet dolor Hell, in relation to the night of the Lord "time" is Monday. Do not worry - it does not agree with - and sin no more severe... It has said, this man was, "Well, I do not get..." Is this you, do not complain, until the time we have to bear itself. I was in this situation. If there I urge you, as we suppose it could be as soon as possible to operate. When I asked about the size of "ten/one" house of pain treatment, muttering to themselves, "Seven Well..." myself, I know the house, there seems to be also be no longer than December. When he went to bed and wait for the nurse checked me and started shooting at me morphine. The amount of ten, and it is not true. But what's so hard to admit?

The long struggle. Once a man of the sword, and for months the risk of the executioner of my lap. I always thought, a kind of mini-games. I tend to be a vibrant and visual imagination. The story to me, he helped me to make every month. Oxygen by weight ibuprofen and demerol if necessary. Number of years already... it's hard to live with the situation of the right to consider seriously "the amount".

The red dragon, having a bit of an advantage because I have not heard. A nurse at the hospital every effort Ginger pain. Difficult to handle. We need to see the gods, and version number. Morphine and apparently convinced flowing evening. Before we go better growth.

The rest of the week he spent in peace of mind. Who can forgive ... I'll show you, O princes morning and say to them: When I go back to the highest office of morphine for two days after surgery. It was the drugs talking. Oh. The next meeting, a short time later. We were on the way to salvation. There is one week. Hard for me. It is necessary to go back to my body and fled with a groan. The brain thinks it belongs partner to Israel all the work that I do not blame you now Zed GT.

I want to have a certain amount of my life "Normalsi". Yes, I know the pain of competition. Again, he promised... if you can. I admit that her sister "up" - without many words. So "ten".

I think so. That's right - it's much worse, however, spend the day of release - for himself or others. This happens because gravity is bitten? Or you sincerely, deeply hurt? It is always black and white; What, then, will be on the many grey areas in this life? He went to the heart and mind of another crisis... does not let slip the words out of my mouth?

If it is morally wrong amet ... I am on a daily basis. At work - if you did not kill amet erat. Still, what I also want to be known on, probably the best day. Policy. I hate and I love Eros again... and colleague. It makes no sense to sing, with the reason of truth. Finally, I know for sure that - but we consider it to be changed. What is good? Right? What is a lie? I "lie" - that's just a lie? Half-truths? What, then, will the "lie of omission"? To change the face of the truth - the truth - a lie?

There lies a great crime in her home. The injury is not the receiver to each question, but do lie, parents, children - is not tolerated. Serious consequences. Yes, I have lied to their parents - especially with youth. He often jokes that my brain. And all the young men of my lies, I'll be honest now. But it's not fair - I admit it. Leaning into the mainstream of life. It's a life experience? Located outside the work?

Something. Why is it, when all seems always to be so much to me? I do not know if at any time a line of sand in its entirety. Good and evil. It's news to me in any way. If faith is not burdened by the pain of love, but a pair of scales - what is the best option? Often mentioned nobly we would like - we want the truth. A finally, I think I rather stay a half delay integrity. The potential to undermine my confidence. This, however, does not suit me, and pretend they know. She is very honest.

by Ralph Eaton



## I'd Shoot a Drummer

*Old Man mountains of rags,  
hands pockets  
coat him  
rags  
pockets  
callused hands  
ear nest of hair  
woolen cap.*

*Deft fingers cigarette  
an ear night air.*

*Another hand  
thick fingers  
calluses—small black lighter  
pockets  
coat.  
flames life*

*End of a Newport  
smoke*

*Old Man—rags  
wrinkles, smoke  
ash, calluses  
cigarette butts—sky,  
socketed irises  
smoke.*

-Swade Best

ZAOUM  
ZAOUM  
ZAOUM  
ZAOUM

~~@-  
"o-Boy No-Boy' he mutters over and o"  
-John M. Bennett, "Biting the Brick" (L&FT 15)  
~~~~~@-

## No-Boy on Vacation

he slumps against the thorax and  
he gurgles through the porridge and he  
fidgets with the watchhead scratchscripskraping gainst it  
till the nails curl back crackling ,then he  
burrows with them skinwrapped yank  
ing follicles all bloodrid ,floating  
sunwise light cloud ,round  
his caked-blood scalp, hello  
says No-Boy :then  
he scampers crost eht ground-bone parch  
with gleeful  
hacking-dust his ,taorht voicing  
to ward the  
pillarpit  
from greasing  
his one leg shaved  
and spit  
caved skullwall tower brow  
nuehT he chortles breeding  
with gutso crammed with  
gusto jammed ,tugs: o,  
alas I tore my pancreas,  
quoth No-Boy trailing  
guts across the blacktop—though  
he grunts athwart the levee and  
he knocks against eht bikerack when he  
thrashes in the gutters humping while he  
bleeds into the Sunny D

itnA nueht



by b.b. Grimm, John m. Bennett, Megan Blafas,  
Olchar Lindsann, & Warren Fry

## Proposal for a New Proposal

Format: *A simple breakdown of the format, key characteristics and possible names for a thing I've just thought of.*

Key characteristics: *A playful, sometimes absurd tone which seems to imply I'm not taking the business all that seriously.*

Possible names: *Waste of time, One of those things that seems like a great idea at first but quickly outstays its welcome, Half-arsed last minute submission to THE in-APPROPRIATED PRESS*

by Edwin Birch



Nov. A.Da. 99 / A.H. 185  
(2015 According to Jesus.)

by John M. Bennett

haw cl awed ch  
ease yr neck in  
kales the finny luck  
or pos I tron o don  
de te dejas caer la co  
midita where yr p  
ants were full ware  
en limpid flog's d  
amping in the wh  
eel breeze or  
dim pfled forgk de  
immanation it's a  
cloud its ow cloud  
eats oy cloud

wee wee